PATRICIA MARY ELLEN ROBERT JOHN HONOR

Mrs. White sent us this snapshot of her family

Mrs. White's 5 Reasons

FOR THIS ACTUAL LETTER FROM A P AND G HOME

DEAR ANN CUMMINGS, or whoever may get this letter: I have read the letter of the woman in Georgia whose colored Mammy did the washing, the mother from Texas, the mother in Indiana and many others. But I have never read a P AND G story from Kansas where North, South, East and West meet—and where it's just a little muddier when it's muddy—and a little dustier when it's dusty.

And I think I give P AND G a real test, too, living on a farm and with five children and extra help. You can imagine the size of my washings.

There's Mary Ellen, age 14, who loves her wash silk or print frocks. There's Robert, 6 months, who has a wash on the line all the time! They are just *two* reasons why I need P AND G. To say nothing of little John, age 5, and Honor, 9, who spend the hot summer days down at the "crick" and often come back—well—none too clean.

But why scold them and spoil their fun when P AND G rolls the dirt out so easily?

And what a satisfaction there is in using P AND G for all cleaning and dishwashing!

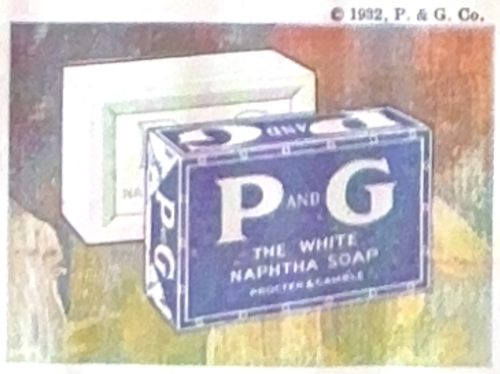
If someone else does my shopping and by mistake gets a different brand of soap, Patricia (who is 13 and none too fond of washing dishes) says, "Mother, *why* don't you get P AND G? I just can't get suds from *this* soap!"

There is another big reason why I buy P AND G White Naphtha. *The economy of it counts*, now when I'm shaving every expense.

You may tell my P AND G story to the world if you wish.

Mrs. John F. White, Belvue, Kansas

Doesn't it seem nicer to use a *white* soap for clothes and dishes? Every year more women are turning to *white* soaps, and most of them are using P AND G, the *White* Naphtha Soap!



MRS. WHITE'S letter and summery snapshot brightened up a winter day. They were so perfectly grand that I've printed them. I wanted you to have a chance to enjoy them, too.

If you use P AND G White Naphtha you know that it's a mighty fine, quick-working *white* soap. But perhaps you don't know why P AND G is an outstanding soap bargain. It's because P AND G White Naphtha is the most popular soap in the world. Those firm white cakes of P AND G are made by the millions. So each cake of P AND G costs less to make—and the saving per cake is shared with *you!*

ANN CUMMINGS

P AND G washes more clothes than any other soap in the world

A Wonderful Celebration

THIS year, wherever there breathes a true American the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Washington is to be celebrated — and not only on the twenty-second of February, but practically all the days of all the year, which is exactly as should be. Of course a special observance is planned for that particular day, with an address by Herbert Hoover, thirty-first president of the United States — this to be broadcast throughout the country and the world; then there are other general details, such as having all quarter-dollars coined during the year bear a portrait in relief — a veritable memorial to "the father of his country" — and many more plans, all interesting and worthy their objective. The George Washington Bicentennial Commission, created by special act of Congress, with offices at Washington, D. C., stands ready to give help wherever asked, as to programs, pageants, instructions in regard to dress, scenery, everything, asking only that we, the people, do our own celebrating.

To many of us, perhaps, the most interesting part of this wonderful bicentennial celebration consists of tree-planting. The "George Washington Elm" planted by Mr. Hoover, chairman of the Commission, in the White House grounds, counted very nearly two million trees set in different parts of our land, all in honor of its first great hero. Surely there could be no richer tribute, no finer monument than

"A tree that looks to God all day,
And lifts its leafy arms to pray!"

AND when one such memorial is multiplied by ten million, and more, all telling the same story of loyalty and devotion on the part of the people, what else can be desired? And this is just what the American Tree Association, in cooperation with the Bicentennial Commission, is aiming at by every possible means. Our first president himself is declared to have loved trees; at all events, he chose a home where they are abundant and beautiful. He was interested in woodcraft, a lumberman and surveyor; so, knowing full well the value of our forests, he would be among the first to advocate their replacement. In tree-planting, too, we are carrying out one of the principles for which he stood — conservation. Therefore the Association is calling upon every citizen to set one or more trees as a living memorial, and to this end will also "lend a hand" in any way possible. Information how, what and when to plant in different localities will be given or sent in answer to inquiries, together with the "Bicentennial Tree-Planting Book," packed with good advice on the subject — thus promoting a celebration as broad as the nation, from coast to coast. Moreover, every planting — whether made by an individual or group, college, society, church or other — will be registered and each given one of the special tree-planting certificates in the bicentennial colors, buff and blue, besides having a place on the National Honor Roll. Altogether, isn't it worth a great deal more trouble than it costs? We think so, and are sure you will all agree. The American Tree Association may be addressed at Washington, also; and its president, Charles Lathrop Pack, gives us this happy message: "The whole population will have a part in the Bicentennial Celebration of the birth of George Washington. It will become a second Continental Army, an army of tree-planters, made up of young and old mobilized in every state and hamlet, and actively engaged in setting up a lasting testimonial to the one whom this country delights to honor!"

Life Eternal

Always to hear upon untrodden beaches
The murmur of an undiscovered sea!
Always the open, eager hand that reaches
Past the attained to what is yet to be!
For death is in the stream that ceases flowing,
And life is only life while it is growing,
Each harvest garnered means another sowing
Or barren end our hope and husbandry.

There is no grip of frost that can imprison
The surge of spring when it awakes from sleep;
There is no tomb that holds its dead unrisen;
Forever forward must the spirit leap.
Not love itself can ever rest from learning,
From each fulfilment comes a higher yearning;
And to the harbor there is no returning
From the divine adventure of the deep.

Blessed the hunger that, forever feeding
Upon the bread of life, grows yet more strong;
Blessed the soul's insatiable pleading,
The thirst that is not suffering but song.
Each peak the threshold of a fresh aspiring,
Each dusk the lovelier dawn of new desiring
Where vision's golden stair we mount untiring —
For living, is eternity too long?

— Amelia Josephine Burr

The February Cover

WE are proud of Needlecraft's covers, every one, and glad to believe our readers take equal pleasure in them, as so many write of doing; they are distinctive and "different," and so are characteristic of their contents. That for the present month is sure to appeal especially to all who delight in winter sports, picturing as it does a veritable carnival; there are the skaters, the merry little crowds with sled and skii, the open sleigh drawn by prancing horses, a village with church-spire and roof-tops, trees and shrubs and, in the foreground, a long-eared "bunny," all developed in the simplest and most familiar of stitchery.

Aside from the fact that the cover shows a winter scene, appropriate to the season, it reminds us also of an event of international importance which takes place this February, at Lake Placid, New York. For that town of little over four thousand inhabitants is playing host to the III Olympic Winter Games, and the first of such winter sports to be played in this country.

This outstanding event in the world of sport is of great interest to Needlecraft, for it injects into the lives of thousands of people who will flock to Lake Placid an unusual interest in sports clothes, sweaters, caps, stockings, in fact every article which is worn at such an event. That many of the mittens, sweaters and caps will be hand-knitted is inevitable.

Entrants from Argentine, Austria, Belgium, Canada, Czechoslovakia, Esthonia, Finland, France, Germany, Great Britian, Holland, Hungary, Italy, Japan, Jugoslavia, Latavia, Lithuania, Luxembourg, Mexico, Norway, Poland, Roumania, Sweden and Switzerland, are expected to make the occasion truly international. Wouldn't it be fascinating to get the knitted patterns from the woolen garments of all of the entrants!

Speaking of Knitting

FREQUENTLY we receive a letter from some member of Needlecraft's circle which we feel a keen desire to share with others — so encouraging it is, so filled with expressed appreciation. That means a great deal; perhaps not all of us realize just how much.

From a recent letter we quote: "At last I can knit, thanks to Needlecraft, and cannot tell you how grateful I am. Always I wanted to learn, but did not think I could — it looked so intricate with all those stitches on the needles. But let me say to everybody that it isn't; once you set about it in earnest there is truly 'no such word as fail!' I have finished two of those sweater-blouses with the cunning eyelets which appeared last June, and intend knitting two more for gifts; they are greatly admired."

Truly, knitting *is* among the best and most useful of needle-arts. It is one of the oldest, to be sure, but that doesn't hurt it a bit; indeed, we may well think it all the better for having been tried and not found wanting. Certainly it was never in higher favor than at the present time; everybody is knitting — or learning to knit — and enjoying it immensely. This month Needlecraft presents a charming bouclé suit, with complete directions, which can be reproduced for a mere fraction of its cost if bought ready-to-wear. Very soon, too, we are to have a dainty ensemble for the baby — carriage-robe or afghan, sweater and cap — and other things in knitting that will be sure to prove exactly what somebody is looking for. Watch for them, and pass the good news along to those of your friends who ply the needles.

The Humble Parent Wins a Prize

MANY gracious, loyal letters come in from the prize-winners in the food contests, but this one appealed to us especially. One of the prize cooky-makers writes: "When I sent in my recipe I proceeded to forget it entirely. I have never anticipated a prize in my life. You can well imagine how this one overwhelmed me. I am putting the letter in my children's childhood book so they may know one thing their mother did that warranted a prize, anyway. I am going to buy something for my home with the money, something that I can always look at, like, and get a thrill remembering how I got it! Many thanks again and my best wishes."

We are quite sure that this zestful, responsive mother, who could win a five-dollar prize out of over four thousand contestants is master of many other home arts that are prize-worthy, besides her cookies. Parents are a bit downcast and humble these days over being told just how poorly they practise that finest of home arts — the care of children. That task involves growing children, minds and souls as well as bodies; embroidering their days with joy and still not spoiling them; loving them wisely but not too well; offering them the best we have of ideals, but helping them to create their own, and leaving them free to develop their own special abilities. Don't be too downcast about your shortcomings as parents; that's as bad as being too dominating as to your own standards and opinions. Pin a prize on yourself as parents once in a while, when you have handled some occasion gently and wisely and with restraint, just to keep your courage up and prevent an inferiority complex. This generation of flaming youth craves freedom, but it has no respect for a parent who does not have the independence that they demand for themselves. — A. P.

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